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THE YOUNG WIFE,
OR, THREE YEARS AND A WEEK.

BY MISS M. E. CROOKING.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"Well, Edith, let us have the result of your long cogitation—for the last half hour, you have been buried in the most profound reverie; with your little hands clasped together, and your sweet eyes fixed upon the carpet. Say, dearest, what sage plans for the future have you been concocting?"

Then spoke Charles Ludlow, to his wife, on the evening of that day, which had descended so unexpectantly for the pair; disclosing to Edith, that she had become heiress to a handsome wealth. Edith Ludlow had never been considered beautiful, but she had a peculiar smile which made her so, at times. It was this smile, which now irradiated her countenance, as taking her husband's hand, and looking fondly in his face, she replied:

"Since you think I have formed a plan, dear Charles, you shall hear it; know, then, that as I do not conceive myself any more entitled to the wealth of my grandfather, than my sister, and believe it has been bequeathed to me as a mere whim of my excellent aunt, I propose in the first place with your approbation, to divide equally with my sister; then, to reserve a fourth of my own portion for the benefit of the poor and destitute, wherever they may be found. Oh! think, Charles, what a gratification it will be, to make other's hearts rejoice. Do you remember love," she continued, smiling close to his breast, as she threw one arm around his neck, gazing fondly into his eyes; "when we were the starving inmates of a prison, thrown there by our relentless creditors, when some kind friend sent relief, what transports of joy and gratitude we then experienced. Oh, who would not purchase with a little dress such delightful feelings! Ah! well does your Edith remember, when she saw her husband's features brighten with hope and pleasure, that she felt richly rewarded for all griefs and sorrows."

A smile passed over Ludlow's handsome face; whether it was of admiration, derision, or incredulity, we pretend not to say; we are certain it was not a smile of approbation, as he presently said—

"The proposition, and these sentiments, Edith, do more honor to your heart than your head. In this practical, every-day world of ours, they are romantic and out of place. Besides, dearest, would you be carrying out the intentions of your generous aunt, in thus disposing of her wealth?"

"Perhaps," murmured Edith, "her principal reason for leaving to me, was because she thought it would be thus distributed."

"Believe it not, Edith; had she so wished, there was nothing to prevent her from making her will in this manner."

Edith, with a blank look of disappointment, and with down cast eyes, said in a tone of resignation,

"So it is as you wish, Charles. I yield to your superior judgment; and now, disclose your plan."

"It is simply this, dearest: I propose that we appropriate this year to making the tour of Europe. All the wonders of the Old World will be presented to our admiring eyes; we shall visit the great metropolis, London, with its thousand attractions. Paris, with all its frivolities and its ever-changing people, you will find a most delightful place; then the beautiful city of Berlin, with its magnificent buildings; sojourn a while in Vienna and Munich, with their wonderful works of art. We shall wander through the romantic country of Switzerland, lounge about the sweet lake of Geneva, after having sailed down the Rhine, with its beautiful scenery, rich vineyards, and ruined castles. In short, no object or place of interest shall escape us. After having visited all these, we will return to this little staid, sober, quiet Charleston, and live in a manner suited to your fortune."

To be brief; when twelve fleeting months had winged their rapid flight, the young couple, weary with travel, returned to their native State, and soon assumed possession of one of the handsomest residences in the city, with splendid equipages, and crowds of servants.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Six months had elapsed since the return of the Ludlows from abroad. Edith was one morning alone in her magnificent drawing-rooms, the frescoed ceilings, costly adornments, rich draperies, superb furniture, and exquisite vases, were all that could captivate the eye of the connoisseur, or excite the admiration of the multitude; the young mistress of this luxurious abode, was listlessly reclining upon a lounge, awaiting the coming of morning visitors. Her appearance was much improved, instead of the pale, and formerly anxious face, the color of health was now perceptible, vying with the delicate tint of the blush rose; her form was more rounded and graceful, and her eyes were, if possible, more brilliant than before.

To comply with the wishes of her husband, she was elegantly and fashionably attired, though preferring a simple style herself, she thus wished to prove in all things, her love and respect for the partner of her life. Raising her languid head, and looking around, she murmured:—"And these are enjoyments which wealth purchased; Oh! how much happier was I in the humble dwelling of former days, even though poverty was threatening, than with all this empty show. Then I possessed that which I prize more than all this idle pomp, the society of my husband. Can I attach any value to this wealth which has robbed me of the rich treasure of his companionship. True, he cannot help it; he is so much admired, his company is so sought after."

"Oh! Charles! Charles!" she passionately continued—"if you could only know how my soul yearns for that sweet intercourse, that dear communion, where heart meets heart most truly blest. Oh yes, poverty has more pleasures than wealth, and willingly would I give up all this empty grandeur for a husband's converse."

"But, murmuring is useless. They who are the slaves of wealth, must abide the doom, bowed down with its weight, when the heart is sick with repining after former peaceful days."

There was a loud ringing at the door.

"And now," she resumed, "must I be annoyed by the frivolous votaries of fashion, with their empty unmeaning jargon."

The door opened, and Mrs. Harley entered.

"Dear, dear Constance, is it indeed you?" exclaimed Edith, joyfully bounding to her sister's side. "I need not say how delighted I am to see you, but sister dear what ails you! You do not look well, have you been ill in the country? Why did you not send for me?"

Constance Harley was indeed altered; her face, where formerly the roses and lilies so beautifully mingled, was now faded and pallid, the deep blue eyes once so bewitching, were now dimmed and sunken; her form was much altered, but the style of her beauty was more interesting than formerly, although less brilliant. In reply to her sister's question, she replied—

"I have been oppressed with the worst of ills, a cross, ill-natured husband; one whose only delight seems to be a quarrel with his wife, and who treats her with vulgar abuse, such as a field negro would hesitate to bestow upon a fellow worker."

Edith clasped her hand before her sister's mouth, exclaiming—

"Fie! fie! Constance, such language is not to be used before even me, who am your second self, and perhaps you have not tried to conciliate your husband."

"I have Edith, I have humbled myself, and told him, that though when rich and moving among the admiring crowds, I was vain and thoughtlessly neglectful of him, now my eyes were open, I wished to be to him all that a loving wife could."

He replied,

"The time is past, madam, I am not interested in your actions."

"If I ask him to take a walk with me, he replies—'I have no time.'"

"When perhaps he will pass the evening with some convivial party. If I ask him to accompany me to some place of public amusement, he replies,

"You have made yourself ridiculous enough there already." Say is it in the nature of any one to love such a man?"

They were, however, interrupted by a throng of visitors, who uttered their little nothings with extreme volubility, paying extravagant praises to Edith on the tasteful arrangement of the rooms, and poured into her ear their meaningless adulations. When the last visitor had departed, Ludlow entered, with Theodore Morton, his intimate associate. If any one should have asked Edith if she approved of this intimacy, she would unhesitatingly have replied, "No!" but as Ludlow never asked the question, she never ventured an opinion. Morton was one, who having the worst opinion of women, passed his life in flirting with them. Edith shuddered at the dangerous companionship, but trusted that her husband's good sense would soon discover the necessity of abandoning it.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Time passed on. The wealth of the Ludlows seemed inexhaustible to all; parties, tableaux, petit-soupers, and dinners, followed in rapid succession. Immersed in pleasure's giddy round, did Charles Ludlow ever remember that he was once poor? Did he ever suppose that he could be so again! We fear not. In consequence of his immense wealth and the liberality with which he dispensed it, he was courted, followed and admired. Did he ever think of the angel of his fire-side, who through a sea of difficulty and troubles, had conducted him to his haven of pleasures, in which, he thought only of the flowers that he deemed would bloom forever for him! If he troubled his head about her at all it was only to plait his conscience with—

"Well Edith must enjoy this state of things, as much as I do; if she does not, all that I can say is, that she is very ungrateful for the

gifts of Providence. For my own part I think this is a most delightful world to live in; when one has plenty of money."

Edith would willingly have returned to her former humble station to secure her husband's company, and a larger share of his affections, and regretted the change which had thus deprived her of her most valued treasure, and the many invitations, and notes were read and noticed as mere follies, at the etiquette of society made necessary, although she viewed them as most empty shows of friendship and esteem.

One day as Edith was stepping into her carriage to return some trite calls, she was startled by having a paper thrust into her hand; but supposing it to be another of the frequent demands for charity, which were often made on her, she slipped it into her pocket; judge of her surprise, when after her return, she read these words—

"Warn your husband, that his visits to Mrs. — are noticed; and as reputation is far easier lost than regained, he had better take this warning."

Edith, for a moment, was agitated by a thousand tumultuous feelings—so novel, that they reacted instantly.

"Avant!" she exclaimed, "thou fiend, jealousy. Some miserable wretch, envious of the popularity of my dear Charles, has taken this method of voicing his venom. Shall I suspect him, after the proofs of his disinterestedness in selecting me from my sisters, who are all so lovely and beautiful, when I had neither personal attractions nor wealth! No, no! I can never believe it. Knowing too how devotedly I love him, he could not deceive me—the thought is sinful."

Hearing Charles' well-known step upon the stairs, and throwing the note into the fire with an impatient gesture, she sprang to meet him, and while clinging around his neck, every doubt vanished, and the agitation of her mind was overcome.

"See," said Charles, "I have brought you a letter which, from the post-mark, I think comes from your sister Constance."

And such it was, she wrote to her sister thus:

"Dear Edith, release me from the ennui which is devouring me, by writing to Mr. Harley, and requesting him to let me pass a few weeks with you! Oh! you know not what misery I endure with this man, who seems to have no other pleasure than that of tantalizing and worrying me, until it has become insupportable. Dear Sister, do release me from this modern Blue Beard! who, I fear is trying to kill me; so, dear sister Anne, when I see the dust of your carriage wheels I shall be too happy."

Edith sighed as she folded the letter, which she had been reading aloud to her husband. "Poor, poor thing," said Edith, "I am afraid she is not using the proper method of softening her husband's disposition."

"Why, Edith, what do you want the poor thing to do?"

"Remain at home, and employ those means to conciliate her husband which no one understands better than she; and when Mr. Harley sees that his treatment is making her really unhappy, without her showing any resentment, be assured he will change his course."

"Poh! poh! Edith, how can you expect any one to care for such a bear?"

"Is he not her husband?" replied Mrs. Ludlow. Can any lady refrain from loving her husband as she should?"

"Pshaw, Edith, you talk like a raw country girl, who has been brought up amid cooing doves and babbling rivulets; how on earth can any woman of spirit love a man who neglects and abuses her. We must have Constance with us; so write at once to the monster, and tell him you require the company of your sister, and entreat him to let her come. As you are a favorite with him, it is more than probable that he will comply with your request."

As Edith was not quite well, she attributed the wish of her husband to anxiety on her account, and because he wished her to have the companionship of her nearest friend; so she complied immediately with his request.

The next day Constance arrived, and in compliment to Mrs. Harley, Charles Ludlow dined at home, and brought tickets for the opera. Edith, although pleased, was much surprised, for Charles had never offered to take her before, notwithstanding she had frequently expressed a wish to go with him. Constance was in most exuberant spirits, and kept up a constant conversation with Charles; lively jokes and witty repartees were passed freely, for with little mind, she could be flippantly entertaining. This was pursued for several days, for Ludlow was now much at home. Edith had always been proud of her beautiful sister, and was glad that Charles seemed so too; especially, as when she was rich and admired, he had disliked her. It seemed natural to her, that two spirits so congenial should feel as they did, and was more than pleased, although she was forced to remain in the background, that Charles was now more fond of home.

Constance, as we have before said, possessed great fluency of speech; an easy, graceful air; and being pretty, her endeavors to please her handsome brother-in-law had succeeded.

Edith was rather plain, with a sentimental cast of countenance, and, though uniformly cheerful, was never in hilarious spirits. This, Ludlow used to admire; but a surprising change had come over him of late. There are some persons so constituted that they cannot bear prosperity, who forget the lessons that should teach them the true value of wealth, and deeming that present bliss cannot be the precursor of future sorrow, are led into many errors. Charles Ludlow was one of this class. The sudden transition from almost despairing poverty to his present affluence, had, in a measure, reacted too much on his mind. He could hardly persuade himself that all the attention and adulation he received was not the result of his own merit; he thought it proceeded from admiration of his person and talents. Constance being so much with her sister, and so admired by the fashionable Charles Ludlow, again became a belle.

Mr. Harley had sent frequently to command his wife's return, but Ludlow always insisted on Edith's requesting her stay might be prolonged. Edith had now much of her husband's company, although she knew that her sister was the attraction, she never gave the slightest hint that she was sensible of her position.

As Constance now went much into company, and was so generally admired; she received from Ludlow many handsome and costly presents; this pleased her sister, for she considered that Constance ought to have been left a portion of the wealth which she was enjoying.

"Come sister," said Constance to her one day, "let us take a stroll down King street, this morning."

"Thank you Constance," replied Edith, "as I make it a rule, never to walk out without an object in view, you will have to excuse me; however, if you want anything get it, and let the bill be sent to me for payment."

"I am not in want of anything," quickly said Constance, "indeed Charles leaves me nothing to wish for, he is profuse in his liberality, see what a splendid necklace he gave me yesterday."

As she said this, she took from her neck a costly diamond necklace; Edith admired it very much, and Constance said,

"She liked to review the fashionable folks and admire the display of goods in the stores."

Shortly after, Ludlow came in;

"Where is Constance?" said he, holding in his hand a small case. "I have brought her a ring, which I think will please her, for she has such exquisite taste."

For the first time in her life, Edith thought Charles rather liberal; however, she expressed her admiration of the trinket, and informed Charles where her sister had gone. Ludlow took up his hat and said,

"That he would go to seek her."

They returned to dinner in high spirits, and Edith considered it as all very natural. Some days after this, Constance came into the parlor where her sister was.

"Come sister, there is a fine opera to-night, and we must go."

"I fear not," replied Edith, "Charles is engaged to dine out, and I do not like to go into public without him. This is my favorite opera, and I asked him this morning, if he could not accompany us, but he said it was impossible."

"And yet he shall go to this opera to-night," said Constance, "I will make him break his engagement."

"Pshaw, Edith, you talk like a raw country girl, who has been brought up amid cooing doves and babbling rivulets; how on earth can any woman of spirit love a man who neglects and abuses her. We must have Constance with us; so write at once to the monster, and tell him you require the company of your sister, and entreat him to let her come. As you are a favorite with him, it is more than probable that he will comply with your request."

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flattering his vanity, and constantly admiring his every action, she forced him along imperceptibly to the gratification of her wishes.

Constance had, of late, displayed many airs, and indulged in exhibitions of temper, which even Ludlow became fatigued with. He did not consider it wrong to admire his handsome sister-in-law, but that she should presume upon his attentions, and play the tyrant, was not so easily tolerated. Large as their fortune was, Edith well knew that with Charles' extravagant use of it, it would not last always.

"Poor fellow," said she, "he spends money extravagantly, but we are both extravagant, although in very different ways. I have always desired to see all happy around me, and the recollections of my past trials, make me anxious to relieve all the suffering that I can. If Charles takes pleasure in other ways, I shall not object."

One night, when Charles stayed out later than usual, Constance fell into one of her sullen moods, and when her sister said—

"Come, Constance, let us retire, for it is getting late, it is probable that Charles will not return for some time, and our waiting will seem as if meant for a reproach on his late hours."

She replied, pettishly, without raising her head from the book, she pretended to be engaged in,

"You can retire, Edith, if you choose, but I shall not move a step from this place, until Ludlow returns, if the sun finds me waiting."

Edith stood regarding her sister for some time without speaking, and finally taking up a light retired to her chamber.

During the period, in which these events were transpiring, Mr. Harley had written many times for his wife to return, and upon her refusing to comply with his wishes, had even threatened to close his doors against her forever. Still she remained, although Edith pointed out the sin and folly of her course, and besought her to return, for a time at least, but all her endeavors were in vain.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

A DOCTOR AS IN A DOCTOR.—A country physician was called to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy.—M. D. Bolus gazed at long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion:

"I think he's a gone fellow."

"No no!" exclaimed the sorrowing wife, "do you say that?"

"Yes," returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "Yes, I do say so; there ain't no hope, not the least mite; he's got a attack of nihil fit in his lost frontis."

"Where?" cried the startled wife.

"In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pains. You see his whole planetary system is deranged, firstly his vox populi is pressin' on his advalorum; secondly, his cutaneous has swelled considerably, if not more; thirdly and lastly, his solar ribs, are in a concussed state, and he ain't got any money, consequently he's bound to die."

A SATISFACTORY VERDICT.—It is perhaps, seldom that a jury, however constituted, can render a verdict that will give satisfaction to all the parties litigant and their friends. It was however, as we are credibly informed once done in the State of Kentucky. Two men who were near neighbors, had a falling out about a cow belonging to one of the parties, which frequently got into the enclosure of the other—a circumstance which finally resulted in the death of the said cow, she having been pursued by dogs until she ran against a tree and broke her neck.

The case was submitted to a jury of respectable and wealthy farmers. After hearing all the facts of the case, the jury made up their minds that the owner of the cow could not afford to lose her, and that the owner of the dogs could not afford to pay for her; they therefore rendered the following verdict:

"That the jury should pay the value of the cow, the magistrate treat the party; and the constable pay the costs."

The verdict was immediately ratified, being one which gave satisfaction not only to parties litigant, but to the whole neighborhood.

TURNED ROUND.—A young sprig of a doctor once met at a convivial party, several larks who were bent on placing in his hat a very heavy brick, or, in plain language, to make him gloriously drunk, which they accomplished about ten o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted on going, and the party accompanied him to the stable to assist him to mount his horse, which they at length did with his face to the animal's tail.

"Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong anyhow."

"So you are," exclaimed one of the wags, "just get off doctor, and we will put you on right."

"Get off!" hiccupped the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse around, and it will all come right—you must be drunk."

Humorous Reading.

THE "OUTEST" YANKEE TRICK OUT.

A Connecticut broom pedlar—a shrewd chap, from over among the steady habits, wooden clocks, school masters, and other fixings, drove through the streets of Providence, heavily laden with corn brooms. He had called at several stores and offered his load, or ever so small a portion of it; but, when he wanted the cash and nothing else in payment, they had uniformly given him to understand that they had got brooms enough, and that he might go further. At length, he drove up to a large wholesale establishment on the west side, and once more offered his wares.

"Well," said the merchant, "I want the brooms badly enough; but what will you take in pay?"

This was a poser. The pedlar was aching to get rid of his brooms; he despised the very sight of his brooms; but he would rather sell a single broom for cash, than the whole load for any other article—especially that which he could not as readily dispose of as he could brooms. After a moment's hesitation, however, he screwed his courage to the sticking point—it required some courage after having lost his chance of selling his load half a dozen times by a similar answer—and frankly told the merchant he must have cash. Of course, the merchant protested that cash was scarce, and that he must purchase, if he purchased at all, with what he had in his store to pay with. He really wanted the brooms, and he did not hesitate to say so; but the times were hard, he had notes to pay, and he had goods which must be disposed of.

Finally, he would put his goods at cost price, for the sake of trading, and would take the whole load of brooms which the pedlar had labored so unsuccessfully at other stores to dispose of.

"So," said he to the man from Connecticut, "unload your brooms, and select any articles from my store, and you shall have them at any price."

The pedlar scratched his head. There was an idea there, as the sequel shows plain enough.

"I tell you what it is," he answered, at last, "just say terms for half the load, and cash for the other half, and I'm your man. Blowed if I don't sell out, of Connecticut shks, with all her broom stuff, the next minute."

The merchant hesitated a moment, but finally concluded the chance a good one. He should be getting half the brooms for something that would not sell so readily; as for cost price, it was an easy gammon in regard to it. The bargain was struck, the brooms brought in, and the cash for half of them was paid over.

"Now, what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant.

The pedlar scratched his head again, and this time more vigorously. He walked the floor whistled, drummed with his fingers on the head of a barrel. By and by, his reply came—slowly and deliberately.

"You Providence fellers are cute, you sell at cost, pretty much all of you, and make money. I don't see how 'tis done. Now, I don't know about your goods, barrin' one article, and, of I take anything else, I may be cheated. So, seein' as 'twon't make any odds with you, I guess I'll take the brooms. I know them like a book, and can swear to what you paid for 'em."

And, so saying, the pedlar commenced reloading his brooms, and, having singly deposited half of his former load, jumped on his cart with a regular Connecticut grin, and while cursing his impudence and his own stupidity, drove off in search of another customer.—*Providence Post.*

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—A young lady of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the small tie of matrimony to a gem of a beau.—The mamas and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and many little paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of the dust, determined to get a fine establishment for the young couple, and accordingly they were fixed in a mansion on Walnut street, on West End.

A few days after this a school companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many people about for?"

"Oh!" replied Madam, "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook one chambermaid, two house keepers and a child's nurse. I'm sure there are not too many!"

"Ha! ha!" said her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse? that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for her, but then, when we were married Charles said that he would want one, and you know it's not best always to leave things until the last moment."

TEST OF AFFECTION.

Mr. Archibald Stanhope—a groggy sentimentalist, residing in Buckley street, Philadelphia—conceived the harrowing suspicion that his wife was not so passionately fond of him as a lady of good taste should be; and to put the matter to a fair trial, he hit on a little stratagem, which he put in practice the other day, with the results hereafter to be detailed.

He took a suit of clothes and composed an effigy of himself, by stuffing the garments with a quantity of straw, which had lately been discharged from an old bed. Having suspended this figure to a rafter in a garret by means of a piece of clothline, he ensconced himself behind a pile of rubbish in the same garret, to watch the effect.

After a while his little daughter came up for a skipping-rope, and caught a glimpse of the suspended figure. She ran down the stairs, screaming, "Oh! mother, mother, daddy has hung himself!"


"Now for it," thought Archibald, in ambuscade; we shall have a touching scene presently!"


"Hung himself!" he heard Mrs. S. repeat, as she walked leisurely up stairs, "he hasn't got spirit enough for such a thing; or he would have done it long ago. Well; I believe he has done it, however; this continued as she came in view of Archibald's straw representative. 'Mol (to the little girl), I think he ought to be cut down. You had better go into the kitchen and get a knife, my dear, but don't go down too fast, or you might fall and hurt yourself. Stay—I forgot—there's no knife in the kitchen sharp enough."

You can go round to Mr. Holmes, the shoemaker, High street; he is only two squares off, and ask him to lend us his paring knife; tell him to what it is a little before he sends it. And, Molly, while you are in the neighborhood, you can call at your Aunt Sukay's, and ask how the baby is. And, Molly, you can stop at the grocery shop as you come back, and get a pound of best moist sugar. Poor Archy'sighed Mrs. S., when her daughter had departed, 'I hope we'll get him down before the vital spark's extinct—for these burlings are very troublesome, and cost money. He wanted to put an end to himself, too; and I think I ought to let him have his own way for once in his life; he used to say that I was always a crossing him. I wish he hadn't spoiled that new clothes line—an old rope might have answered his purpose."

Here a voice which sounded like that of the supposed suicide, broke in upon Mrs.

DR. STRINGFELLOW.
WILL be found hereafter during the day at
his office in Major Estee's new building
or at Dr. Reedy's Drug Store, and during the
night at Kennedy's Hotel, unless professionally
absent.
Punctual attention will be given to all calls.
Nov. 12 48

DENTAL OPERATIONS.
Dr. J. T. WALKER

WOULD inform the citizens of
Chester and surrounding Districts,
that he will be found at McAfee's
Hotel, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays,
where he may be consulted on his profession.
N. B. He finds it impracticable to ride through
the country; and operations can be better per-
formed at his rooms.
July 16 29-1f

DR. J. S. PRIDE,

HAVING permanently located in the
Town of Chester tenders his Profes-
sional services to his citizens and the vicinity.
OFFICE at McAFEE'S HOTEL.
May 23 25 w

E. McLIOTT.

SKY LIGHT
DAGUERREIAN ROOMS.
Minutaries put in neat Cases, Frames, Breast
pins, Rings & Lockets, at prices to suit all classes
ROOMS ON MAIN STREET,
Opposite "Kennedy's Tin Factory." 16-1f

JACKSON & MELTON,
(John B. Jackson..... C. Davis Melton.)
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURT
OF LAW, for the District of YORK.
OFFICE one door North of Goore's Hotel
Yorkville, Nov. 23 51--if

REEDER & DE SAUSSURE,
Factorage & Commission Business
ADGER'S WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

OSWELL REEDER. JOHN B. DE SAUSSURE.
Agents for Selling of Cotton, Rice, and other
Country Produce.
Orders filled, and goods selected with care
and attention.
Feb. 11 6-2m

P. F. Fraser

A. L. ALLSTON,
Factor, Commission Merchant
AND FORWARDING AGENT,
Southern Wharf, Charleston, South Carolina.
Nov. 30 1-1f

WM. ALLSTON GOURDIN,
Factor,
No. 56 East Bay, Charleston, S. C.,
Is prepared to make liberal advances on
consignments of
Rice, Cotton, Corn, Sugar, Flour, Grain, Hay, &c
Charleston.—Messrs. Gourdin, Mathiasen &
Co., H. W. Conner, George A. Hopley, Alonso
J. White, J. R. Bates.
Greenville, S. C.—Tandy Walker, Esq.
Beaufort.—Triffin, Ward & Co.
Baltimore, Tenn.—Candler, French &
Co. Wm. S. Townsend & Co.

Huntville, Ala.—Cabanias & Shepherd, J. F. Demovillo.
July 16 29-17

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Corner of Richardson and Blanding Streets,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Bontwright & Janney, Wm. D. HATTIS,
PROPRIETORS, ASSISTANT.

O'Hallan's Omnibus will be in readiness at the Railroad Stations to carry Passengers to this House, (or to any point desired,) where they will find good accommodation and kind attention.

Dec 24

J. A. REEDY
IS now in receipt of his new stock of Drugs
Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Extracts, Paints
Paint Brushes, Oils, Window Glass and Glass-

ware. —ALSO:—
A general assortment of Perfumery, Toilet
and Shaving Soaps, Fancy Articles, &c.
All of which have been carefully selected in
the Northern Cities, and will be sold at the low-
est prices.
Call at the *Chester Drug Store*.
Sept 10 37-4f

COD LIVER OIL.
RUSHTON, CLARK & Co's, celebrated Cod
Liver Oil—also, A. B. & D. Sands. If not
genuine the money will be refunded. For sale
by J. A. REEDY:

Corn Starch.
AN excellent article, either for table use or
the Laundry. For sale by
J. A. REEDY.
○○○○ the pure White Lead. Ab-

3000 Putty, Window Glass, and Paint
Brushes, for sale at the lowest prices.
J. A. REEDY.

CASTOR OIL.
FRESH and good; for sale by the gallon or
bottle, cheap. J. A. REEDY

Olive Oil.
OLIVE OIL of best quality, in Bottles and
Florence Flasks—warranted pure.
ALSO—
Sweet Oil or Dralt, and any quantity, for Mecha-
nics use. Call and see. For sale by
J. A. REEDY.

Iron! Iron!!
5000 LBS. SWEDISH IRON, all sorts and
sizes, just received and for sale by
BRAWLEY & ALEXANDER.

Lard!
A LOT of LEAF LARD, of superior quality, just received and for sale by
BRAWLEY & ALEXANDER.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.
A FINE lot of superior quality, just received and for sale by
CRAWFORD MILLS & Co
Dec. 17

Timby's Union Water Wheel,
IS applicable to Saw Mills, Grist Mills, & other machinery requiring water power, and to all heads of water over two feet. For power, simplicity, durability and economy of water, it cannot be surpassed, and is warranted to be what it is recommended.
The undersigned has purchased the right for the manufacture and sale of these Wheels in

He will deliver them at Chester C. H., at Winnaboro', or at Allston Depot; and will attend to putting them in operation if desired.
He may be addressed at Chalkville, P. O., Chester District, S. C.

GEORGE W. D. CHALK.

Nov. 23

Farmer's Department.

MANURING IN THE HILL & DRILL.

As we suppose most of the broad-cast manuring, intended for this season, is already done, we will devote a few thoughts, just as you are getting ready to plant, to manuring in the hill and drill. It is to be regretted that our means at command do not allow us to attribute to the manure of our fields with a more liberal hand. But with so much surplus in corn, as our Southern plans of planting seem to require, it is almost impracticable to do all which the wants of the soil may demand, or our judgment might dictate as right. As, therefore, may be set down, as a principle, who has provided liberally for administering, even in broken doses, to the wants of the coming crop. An excellent manure for corn, and one more or less at command on every farm, is cotton seed. We think the best plan for its use on the crop, is to drop them at the time of planting upon the top of the corn, and cover all at one operation. The corn will come through them, and they will be a fine protection against frosts or excess of rain, and can never be removed by weeding, as they are apt to be when laid upon the surface. A very small handful imparts great benefit to the crop. If stable or compost manures are to be used, they ought to be well rotted, especially on sandy lands. This also ought to be dropped in the same furrow with the seed corn, but not on it, but covered up also. Some persons choose to drop this manure upon the top of the hill. Much of its benefits must be lost by exposure to the sun and rains before covering, and much again must be displaced in the first working. These manures are both good for cotton, but we think should be deposited much deeper in the earth than for corn. The roots of corn run much nearer the surface in seeking their supplies; the tap-root of cotton is the main feeder of the plant, and strikes deep into the earth for its food. There it should be deposited, not alone because it is there decomposed, but because the action of the sun upon the manure thus deep in the ground, is much less injurious in its effects upon the cotton plant. It often happens, in the precariousness of the season, that by an injudicious use of hot or strongly stimulating manures, the seed is made to grow too luxuriantly, when a little reverse of the seasons will throw offshoot of the fruit. This may be avoided to a very large extent, by depositing such manure so deep as to be out of the reach of such influences. These precautions apply mainly to stable or strong compost manures. Yet we advise all manures intended for cotton to be deposited deeper than those for corn, as better suited to the habits of the plant, and protecting against the scorching sun of August, the month in which the fate of the cotton crop is generally settled. We do not say much about the quantity to be used, as you will be in no danger of using too much. A handful of stable manure, or of cotton seed either, dropped at distances of two feet in the bottom of a deep furrow, to be covered up in forming the bed, will do much benefit. Let the opening furrow for planting lie over the manure, and sow the seed in the drill, and the young roots will soon find these supplies, and before thinning time, will begin to show its keeping. We might talk about other manures, but as these constitute the stock mainly of the country, we deem it useless to say more.—*Soil of the South.*

OVER-CROPPING.

"I have been farming for twenty years.—When I first set out, I thought the plan to make a large crop, was to plant a large one. I soon found my fields well set with grass, and not over a half crop made.—I now plant 12 acres to the common hand—8 in cotton and 4 in corn—counting men, women and large plow boys as hands, (for stout men alone, I think it might be increased to 15 acres.) I now make more corn and cotton, and raise more meat, than when I planted more.—In fact, sir, I see those around me, who say they plant upwards of 20 acres to the common hand, buying corn and meat to supply their plantations, and not making as much as those planting but 10 and 12 acres. Is it not strange that such men will not profit even by their own experience, independent of the examples of the best farmers of our country? Such, for instance, as Mr. Robert Williams, and Joseph Ligon, Esq., of Yalobusha County. One cultivates 10 and the other 12 acres to the hand; the latter buying negroes every year—horses and hogs fat, and corn cribs full; whilst the former has increased his number of negroes to about one hundred—corn cribs always full, and this crop of cotton will increase his cash pile by about fifty thousand dollars; and all dug out of about 10 acres of land to the hand."

"I will now give my mode of preparing land and cultivating cotton, which I have tried for several years.—After pursuing different plans, I have fallen back on the old one as the best.—About the middle of January or first of February, I commence turning four furrows together with the turning plow—rows of course laid off agreeable to the strength of the land; about the last of March I commence turning out the middles, which makes the ridges complete and new nearly to the top; from the 5th to the 10th of April, I plant, by opening the ridge with a very small scooter, covering with a wooden harrow, which leaves the ridge clean and clear of clods. About the time half the seed make their appearance above ground, I put every hand to scrubbing it out with the hoe. I generally finish in ten days or two weeks at furthest. Meanwhile I work out my corn, and then return to my cotton with turning

plows, and bar it off; follow with the hoe, chop through, leaving about two stalks in a place, and take all the grass from the drills, the plows covering up all in the middles. I then return to my corn and work it out. By this time my cotton is large enough to receive dirt. I put the mould to the cotton, and throw the dirt back, and plow out the middles, following with the hoe, thin it very nearly to a stand, and cover up what grass there may be left in the drill by the plows. Thenceforward I manage according to the season. If dry, I run sweeps until laid by; if wet, I endeavor to keep my ridges well up, with turning plows, so as to keep the water well drained from the cotton. About the first of August I top it, wet or dry, which I consider a great advantage, checking the growth of the stalk, causing the forms to stick better, and bolls to mature sooner.—(This mode is a question of doubt by some of our best farmers).—En.

In conclusion, I would suggest to all those pretending to cultivate 18 and 20 acres to the hand, to drop 6 or 8 acres and sow it in oats for their stock, which will answer a double purpose—resting the land and keeping their mules, cows and year old hogs in good order, (giving them salt) until frost. My oat fields are as valuable to me as the same land would be in corn.

Yours, &c. E. JENKINS.

COTTON CULTURE.

MEANS, EDITORS.—In asking you questions, it is not always that I expect an answer, it being only "one of my ways" to draw out thought. The past year, though one throughout the cotton region of unprecedented drought has been one, generally speaking, of fruitfulness. For the quantity planted, corn is in many districts in plenty, and cotton will almost surely exceed any other year, though not per acre, as there was a large accession of acres, yet in many parts, the per acre yield is said to be unprecedented. Corn does better than under ordinary droughts, because it is at no time stimulated by rain to render growth of weed, and was thereby better enabled to endure a drought. But as to cotton, it is not well known that a dry year is best for cotton? Why not then put land in condition accordingly?

The bulk of planters have gotten in the way of very early planting. Thereby it becomes started by cold, or if not, makes a very growth of weed, and when the time of ordinary dry weather arrives, there is so much weed that the crop is bound to cast the young fruit. In 1850, I had cotton planted in May and June which made much more than I had anticipated. Suppose, instead of planting in March and by the 15th of April all the crop, we would use that time in preparing land better, then plant, say one-third on the 5th, one-third on the 12th, and the residue on the 19th, thus scraping coming usually one week after the other—might we not expect as good a crop of cotton? And having bestowed more time on the tilling of the soil, and full time to work corn thoroughly before pressed by the cotton, might we not expect a better crop of corn? But by taking say some 10 days longer in preparing our land, we can throw up high beds and open out water-furrows well, thus having our cotton on dry land, could we not somewhat provide against a rainy spell, and thus expect usually a better crop? Old planters will admit a great advantage in good beds, because cotton is much easier scraped, and put in condition early—not only earlier but better. Of another: Where is the sense or philosophy in planting three to five bushels of seed per acre? I do know that cotton seed are as healthy; seed being equally preserved, when planted scattering as in corn. I have planted one, two and a dozen in a hill, and had a perfect stand. Is there a planter of five years standing who has sown five bushels per acre, who has not complained of cotton dying out and thus stands be injured? Whoever seen this when planted in solitary seed? I have not averaged one bushel per acre for five years, and was planting 1,000 acres, I should not alter my plan. I have no idea of planting over half bushel per acre on land which is old enough to prepare well.

I see it stated by a recent writer, that on thin land where stalks do not branch out, it would be well to leave two or three stalks in a place. Has any one tested this? I saw it 20 to 30 years ago, but I thought experience had proved it an error.—*Southern Cultivator.*

SOAKING SEEDS.

Many people soak their seeds to facilitate their vegetating, but unless they do it with judgment, they do it with cost. It is well to soak most kinds of seed, in some fertilizing liquid, as the decomposing seed affords great nourishment to the young plant. Soaked seed, however, should not be put in very dry soil, as the parched earth absorbs the moisture from the seed, and the seed rots before sprouting. If the ground is moderately moist, seeds will germinate very quick, that have been soaked; and a field of corn, or a garden, may be brought up by this means, that is a little behind hand.

A solution of Guano is a fine invigorator to soak seeds in; but, as this is not within reach of all our readers, hen manure answers nearly as good purpose. Leach some hen manure, and soak the field and garden seeds in the liquid. Corn may be soaked six hours; beans, forty-eight; onions, twenty-four. Roll them in plaster or good ashes—it will give them a healthy, vigorous start, and a good start is to vegetable life, what it is to every thing else—"half the battle."—*Soil of the South.*

FLOW DEEP & PLANT SHALLOW.

MR. EDITOR.—In looking about me this year, I have noticed a great number of farmers in this part of the country breaking up their lands about ten inches deep, and planting their corn about as deep—as is the old adage with us; "Plow deep and plant deep—but plant deep anyhow." Now, sir, do you not know that this is a mistake? If you don't, I know that it is as broad a mistake as was ever made by intelligent farmers, because I have tried it and I know it by experience. My rule is to plow deep, and plant shallow, (contrary to the recommendation of several "agricultural papers," and I will give you my reasons for so doing. I plow deep (subsoil from fifteen to twenty inches) so as to get as much clay on top as possible, which will, through a chemical process, turn to soil; and to turn the soil under the clay, in which I intend for the roots of the corn to grow. I have the rows in which I intend planting run off about four inches deep; by this means I secure the richest soil for my corn to take root in; and by plowing deep and planting shallow, I have a deep loose soil, and will always secure a moisture to the roots of corn. The question might be asked, why is it that he don't plant his corn deep? It is this: Suppose I break my land fifteen inches deep and plant my corn twelve; I would only have three inches of loose dirt for my corn to grow in, and more than probable that would be clay, while the roots of corn would have little or no advantage from the soil, it must be to all, that will look at the reason of the case, very evident that their doubts about this, (if they question it all) to try the experiment next year, and inform you of the result.—*Cor. Southern Cultivator.*

THOROUGH TILLAGE.—J. Redmond, of York County, writing in the February number of the Pennsylvania Farm Journal, argues in favor of thorough tillage. He says: "One of the great elements of fertilization in soils, is the perfect loosening of them, so that the different ingredients composing them be thoroughly incorporated, and brought to the surface, and thus receive the advantages of exposure to the sun and atmosphere.—None but a simpleton would pretend to doubt the value of manure, or assert the possibility of growing good crops for any length of time without lime, but he is scarcely wiser who believes, and manifests his belief in his daily practice, that his crops will be abundant where his tillage is meagre.—Show me the husbandman whose plowing is shallow—whose breaking of the clods preparatory to seeding is imperfectly done—whose fields are strangers to the roller, and look very much as though the harrow and cultivator had never been used upon them, and I will show your poor fields—yields that will scarcely pay for the labor and expense, much less leave any profit behind."

HOW TO JUDGE CATTLE.—In all domestic animals, the skin, or hide, forms one of the best means by which to estimate their fattening properties. In the sandling of oxen, if the hide be found soft and silky to the touch, it affords a proof of tendency to take meat. A beast having a perfect touch, will have a thick, loose skin, floating as it were, on a layer of soft fat, yielding to the slightest pressure, and springing back towards the finger like a piece of soft leather. Such a skin will be usually covered with an abundance of soft, glossy hair, feeling like a bed of moss—and hence is ever termed a mossy skin. But a thick-set, hard, short hair, always handles hard, and indicates a hard feeder.

TO PREVENT BOTS IN HORSES.—A person of much experience in veterinary science is never troubled with this disease in his horses. His simple practice during the fall months, is to keep a greasy cloth in the stable, and once a week rub with it such parts of the animal as may have been attacked by the nit-fly. Grease destroys and prevents the eggs from hatching.

GHOSTS IN WASHINGTON.—The National Intelligencer of Saturday says:

The rappings at the Navy Yard, of which for several days there was a good deal of talk in community, had not ceased at our last hearing from the "infected district." The family of Mr. Francis Keitely, who is specially honored with these demonstrations, has been daily and nightly visited by numbers of persons of all classes, many of whom unite with the family in testifying to the facts of the rappings. They have been heard for a month from Monday evening last, at all hours of the twenty-four. Sometimes the raps, as represented to us, are loud and strong; at others low and feeble; sometimes as few as three or five; at others going as high as nineteen. Mr. Keitely states that the first intimation his family received of these noises, was the apparent walking of a heavy man in his stocking feet across the upper floor. This was succeeded, at greater or less intervals, by noises in closets and cupboards, knockings on stair-steps, striking and shaking of the bed-posts and bed-stands at night when the family retired, and in sundry other ways. The house occupied by Mr. Keitely is his own, and was purchased about 7 years since; so that it would seem he can have no pecuniary interest in these visitations. The neighboring house on the east is tenanted by Mrs. White, an elderly lady, and her son, a young man on account of these strange things so near his home. No suspicion is entertained that either Mrs. White or her son has any hand in them.

The odor of a few kernels of green coffee, placed on a hot shovel, will dispel from a room all offensive effluvia.

Miscellaneous.

POPULAR REPRESENTATION IN ENGLAND.

—Mr. Bright, at the meeting to re-construct the Corn Law League, in the course of his speech said:

"He would direct their attention to a few moments to the personnel of the (Dorby) Administration, that it might be seen how far they represented the people. Mr. Walpole, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, was said to represent the borough of Midhurst, which, with a population of 7,021 persons, had a constituency of 279. [Laughter.] But Mr. Walpole was in reality returned to Parliament by Lord Egmout, the patron of the borough.

Sir J. Pakington, who, by one of those wonderful changes which were seldom seen in common life, though he was told that they sometimes took place on the stage—[a laugh]—had been suddenly appointed Colonel Secretary, and represented the borough of Droith, with a population of 7,096, and 367 electors; and it was said that in the most comfortable manner possible he returned himself for that free and independent constituency. [Great Laughter.] Mr. Herries, another member of the Cabinet, who had charge of our whole Indian empire, was said to represent Stamford, along with the Marquis of Granby.

"The population of Stamford was 8,933 persons, and the number of electors 566; but, in reality, Mr. Herries was notoriously the nominee and representative of the Marquis of Exeter. The Stamford people, indeed, had actually petitioned the House of Commons that they might either have the ballot, or that their borough might be disfranchised. [Hear, hear, and cheers.] Sir F. Thesiger, the Attorney General, sat for the borough of Abingdon, with a population of 5,944, and a constituency of 241; but he was returned by an influence less moral than that to which he (Mr. Bright) had already alluded—by the most notorious corruption.

Sir E. Thesiger won his last election by one vote. His opponent, Gen. Caulfield, petitioned against his return on the ground of bribery. Sir F. Thesiger's friends lodged a counter-petition against Gen. Caulfield, but both petitions were withdrawn, on the ground, of which no secret was made, that such had been the bribery and corruption on both sides, that if the case had come before a Parliamentary committee nothing could have saved the borough from disfranchisement.

The Marquis of Chandos represented Buckingham, with a population of 8,069, and 349 electors; but he was returned by the joint influence of himself and his father, the Duke of Buckingham. Lord H. Leonor, too, who represented Chichester, which had a population of 8,562 persons, and a constituency of 757, was returned by the notorious influence of his father the Duke of Richmond.

THE MINIE BULLET.—Five hundred new rifles have recently been shipped to the Cape of Good Hope from the wave grided shores of our mother land, for the purpose of extinguishing the fires of rebellion and warfare which, at this particular period, blaze so brightly in the tawny breasts of the Kaffirs. The rifles are similar to those used by the far-famed Chasseurs de Vincennes, with movable sights, and are designed for the use of that truly destructive missile, the Minie bullet.

The Minie bullet is described as a hollow cone of lead, somewhat similar in form to a woman's thimble. The lead is generally about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, yielding, however, according to the size of the bullet and the option of the gunner. The end of the bullet which rests upon the powder, and which corresponds to the lower part or mouth of the thimble, is fitted with a small piece of iron, shaped very much like a tea saucer. When the gun is discharged this iron saucer, propelled by the irresistible force of the explosion, is forced up the hollow of the ball, the sides of which are thus driven so firmly and completely into the grooves of the rifle, that no part of the explosive force can escape. In its flight the bullet loses the iron "driver," the hollow part becoming so enlarged by the action of the powder as to admit of its dropping out.

The advantages resulting from the introduction into use of this new implement of destruction are obvious. The loading is accomplished with far greater ease and rapidity than with the ordinary bullet, as it does not require to be driven by main force down through the indentations and grooves of the barrel, like the spherical bullet, in order that it may acquire the spinning motion necessary to correct shooting. It can be sent with much more force and velocity than the ordinary bullet. Some experiments recently made seem to justify the belief that rifles loaded with these articles will do serviceable execution at a distance of more than one thousand yards, or about two-thirds of a mile. It is also claimed that the common muskets now used in the English army, by the simple and not very expensive operation of grooving, may, by the use of the Minie bullet, be converted into engines of destruction as formidable as the boasted rifles of Vincennes.

Doston Journal.

GOOD FARMING.—"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh yes mass' fust rate farmer, he makes two crops to one year." "How is that Sambo?" "Why he sells all his hay in the fall, and makes money once; den in the spring he sells all de hides of the cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

LEWISVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.

[10 MILES EAST OF CHESTERVILLE.]

Mrs. A. S. WYLLIE, Principal; assisted by Mrs. Lewis, of Columbia Institute, Tenn., and by Miss Kellogg, of Castleton Seminary, Vt.

Rev. L. McDonald, Visitor.

THE seminary year will be divided into two sessions of five months each: the first commencing on the 5th January, and the second on the 22d July.

Resident boarders will be attended in sickness free of charge.

For a Circular containing full particulars, address Mrs. WYLLIE, Lewisville, P. O. Chester District, S. C.

References.—His Excellency, Gov. MEANS, Buckhead; Ex-Gov. RICHARDSON, Sumter; Gen. J. W. CANTY and SAM'L. SPENCE, Esq., Camden; Jas. H. WITHERSON, M. CLINTON, and S. B. EDMONS, Esqrs., Lancaster.

Jan. 14 2-1f

Fruits, Confectionaries, Groceries, &c.

AT WALKER'S ESTABLISHMENT, (two blocks south of Henry & Herndon's) may be found a general assortment of

CANDIES, FRUITS, Syrups (assorted); Pickles; Segars of choice brands; Tobacco; Candles, (adamantine and tallow.)

Rice; Sugar; Coffee; Molasses, (N.O.) Mackerel, No. 1 and 2, half-kits, and all varieties of CHILDREN'S TOYS.

Together with a number of other articles usually found in such an establishment. All of which he will sell low for cash.

WILLIAM WALKER. 28-1f

South Carolina.—Chester District.

IN EQUITY. D. G. Stinson, Adm'r., et al. Bill to Marshall et al., assets, &c.

BY order of the Court of Equity in this case, the creditors of William M. Stinson, dec'd, are hereby notified to present and establish their demands before the Commissioner of said District, on or before the 10th day of March next; after which day they will be barred.

Dec. 3 JAMES HEMPHILL, C. C. D. 49-3mo.

South Carolina.—Chester District.

IN EQUITY. James Heath, et al. Petition to have funds paid over.

BY order of the Court of Equity in this case, the creditors of John G. Bishop, are hereby notified to present and establish their demands on or before the first day of June next.

Jan. 7 JAMES HEMPHILL, C. C. D. 1-3m

South Carolina.—Chester District.

IN EQUITY. Thomas Spencer & Nancy, his Wife Bill for Partition and Account.

Stephen Keenan, et al.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Commissioner, that Mitchell Keenan, George Rainey and Mary Rainey, his wife, three of the Defendants in this case, had been out of the State; It is therefore, on motion of Witherston, Complainant's Solicitor, ordered that the said defendants do appear, and plead, answer, or demur, to the bill of complaint, within three months from the publication of this notice, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be entered against them.

Feb. 18 JAMES HEMPHILL, C. C. D. 7-3m

THE GREAT BRITISH QUARTERLIES

AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Important Reduction in the rates of Postage!

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., No. 54 Gold St., N. Y.

Continued to publish the following British Periodicals, viz:

The London Quarterly Review, (Conservative.) The Edinburgh Review, (Whig.) The North British Review, (Free Church.) The Westminster Review, (Liberal.)

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, (Tory.)

These Reprints have been in successful operation in this country for twenty years, and their circulation is constantly on the increase notwithstanding the competition they encounter from American periodicals of a similar class and from numerous American Magazines made up of selections from foreign periodicals.—This fact is a strong recommendation of their value, and is held by the intelligent reading public, and affords a guarantee that they are established on a firm basis, and will continue without interruption.

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A LOVELY YOUNG LADY CURED OF CONSUMPTION! 1-40

The following is the true and correct history of Wm. H. Lister, Esq., the distinguished editor of the N. Y. Mirror, and Naval Aviator, under date New York, January 26, 1850. What could be more interesting than the life of a fellow creature saved by the use of any medicine whatever, we consider it as our right, if not our duty, to give to the public, and we are glad to do so in like manner, be benefited. The case which has induced us to put this article was that of a young lady of our acquaintance, who, by frequent colds, and a night air, contracted a cold which settled on the lungs before her ravages could be stayed. (This occurred two years ago this winter.) Various remedies were used, but with very little effect of benefit. The Cough grew worse, with copious expectoration, and the emaciation and pale, hollow cheek, told plainly that pulmonary disease was doing its work on her delicate frame. The family physician was consulted, and he would not admit to the young lady that she really had the Consumption, yet he would give her encouragement as to a cure. At this crisis her mother was persuaded to make use of a bottle of Dr. Rogers' Compound Syrup of Liverwort and Tar,